



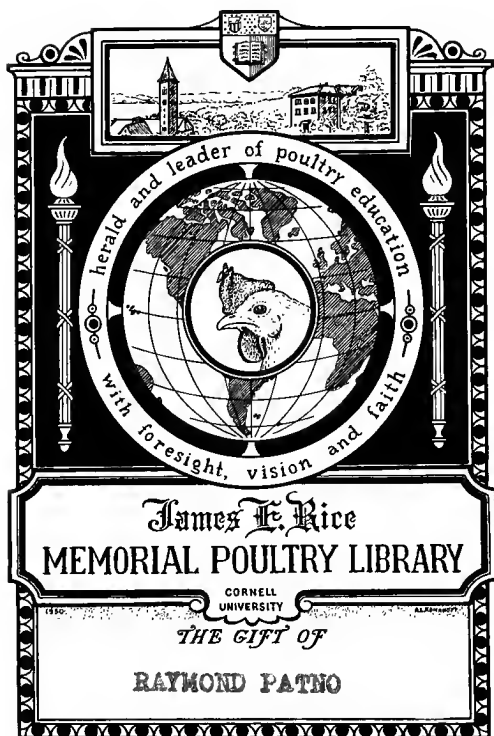
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The life and adventures of Chanticleer,



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INTRODUCTION

TO THE LITTLE ONES.



COME, children dear, both great and small ;
I've 'something here 'twill please you all —
A little book, where you may read
Of many a worthy, noble deed,
And learn to make of Chanticleer
A pattern for your conduct here.
His good example, when a child,
Should make you all both brave and mild.
I will tell you much that you'll like to hear
Of his studies and travels far and near,
And what he has done, and heard, and seen,
In all the places he has been.

When very small his affectionate mother
Early taught him and his playmates to love one another;
How his talents to use, and his time to spend
In virtue's ways, till life should end ;
So that no sad, regretful sigh
Should mar his peace, when he came to die.
Now, with his friends, we'll follow him to his grave,
And then we'll resolve to be as brave,
And as good, and as generous as he,
Our lives from naughty acts as free.
Now read this little book, my dear,
And learn to be like Chanticleer.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE ADULTS.



To you who understand still better
The spirit hid beneath the letter,—
You, who with children have been blessed,
To you these lines are now addressed.
You know the parents' mission is
To weed and prune, with watchfulness
As sleepless as the eye of time,
Each little sin, each germ of crime.
I know how weighty is the part
To train the garden of the heart,—
To plant the little plastic mind,
Which Heaven has to your charge consigned,

With seed that shines on virtue's roll,
And blooms forever in the soul.
In playful mood I have tried to teach,
And make our Rooster's conduct preach,
Lessons of virtue, goodness, worth,
To aid your holy task on earth;
And pleased shall be, if, in your need,
I've helped to plant that heavenly seed,
That bears the palm in earthly strife,
And yields the fruit of endless life.
Then speed you forth, my little book,
To house, and cot, and hidden nook,
Where a child may be found to please and instruct,
Or forward and upward its steps to conduct.

THE
LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
CHANTICLEER.

CHAPTER I.

CHANTICLEER'S BIRTHPLACE.

Not far from a fine village stood
A farmer's house and land,
On one side bounded by a wood
Of oaks and maples grand.
Close by the barn, a brook so clean
Ran, singing on its way,
While, in the barn, there might be seen
The cattle, sheep, and hay.

But, first of all, the cottage neat
We'll visit, and the inmates greet.
Here we see the farmer, an industrious man,
With his thrifty wife, and their smart little son,
The waiting maid and little Lizzy,
And John, who is chopping wood, so busy.
The six the family comprise,
And all around looks neat and nice.
As all of them we now have seen,
And as you have good children been,
We'll go to the ample barnyard now,
And bid "Good morning" to the cow,
And view the oxen, sheep, and hens,
The squealing pigs, shut in their pens,
The frisking calves, that gaze and stare,
Frightened to see us enter there;
But we do not mean to harm them at all.
And now let us give the stable a call.
It contains a fine horse, with a mule by his side,
But they only use the horse when they take a ride.

Take note of these lambs with snow-white fleece,
These pretty pigeons and cackling geese.
Now let us call the poultry round,
By scattering corn upon the ground.
Here come the turkeys, who, with their noise,
Try to frighten little girls and boys;
But, like some people seen around,
Their boasting loud all ends in sound.
See how red they are growing, and angry,
Because robin, who also is hungry,
Takes his share of the food
Scattered round for their brood;
But as they never were better taught,
They will not do just as they ought:
Each seeks his selfishness to feed,
Regardless of his neighbor's need.
Such acts, though fitting them aright,
In *you* would be a sorry sight.
Now come with me close to the pig-pen,
To see the wee-chicks of this guinea hen;

Those bantams there are pretty, too;
But longer I cannot stay with you.
But stop! we must certainly give a look
To the peacock there, standing by the brook,
With his handsome tail spread out so wide,
Basking in the sunshine of his pride.
Just turn to greet Rover, whose kennel is there
And who over all of them feels watchful care.
Now somewhat acquainted you have become
With the inmates of this pleasant home.
Mrs. Biddy, among the rest, lived here,
Who was to be the mother of Chanticleer.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. BIDDY'S ADVENTURE WITH A FOX. — WHAT SAD WORK
HE MADE AMONG THE POULTRY.

WINTER had gone: 'twas the beginning of spring,
When sweet little birds begin to sing;
We had all bid "Good by" to ice and snow;
The sun shone with a brighter glow,
And bade, with its warmth, the leaves to come forth;
The grass and sweet flowers it called into birth;
The hens began their eggs to lay,
And cackled merrily all the day.
One night — it was an oversight —
The hen-house door was not shut tight;
When every one was sound asleep, —
Even Rover forgot safe watch to keep, —
And thus you can see, at a single glance,
How it came that Mr. Fox had a fine chance

To steal himself into the stable,
And carry off all he was able.
Quick work he made in killing all
Who happened in his way to fall.
The biggest rooster, with his seven sons,
The Shanghai hen, with her twelve little ones,
And six other hens, he carried off,
And met not with the slightest rebuff.
As morning dawned, you can think what a fright
Was caused, when discovered in what a sad plight
Master Fox had contrived the hen-roost to put:
Feathers here and there, all covered with blood;
Five dead little chickens laid about the floor,
Which he left when he heard some noise near the door.
It was no illusion.
O, what a confusion!
The woman screamed, the farmer swore;
The children mourned their loss still more;
The man and the servant-girl, I need not say
How much they got scolded the whole blessed day.

And all felt mad with the wily thief,
Who had caused them all this trouble and grief.
Had he been caught, 'tis not hard to guess
He would at once have been put to death.
But what was the use of growing so mad?
The damage was done, and, though rather bad,
'Tis folly to blame and scold these creatures,
Who from God received their different natures.
“But hark! what moves there under that straw?
Why, 'tis our pet hen, if ever I saw!
You were fortunate indeed, with your life to escape;
Hid away so snugly, it was done in good shape.
Good morning, good morning, dear Mrs. Biddy.”
More pleased they felt than if they'd won a city.
The children ran to get her some food,
And praised her for being so wise and good;
Of straw they brought the sweetest and best,
To build her the very nicest nest;
And her motherly qualities at once to test,
They placed twelve fresh eggs under her warm breast,

To sit on and raise them another brood,
To train and bring up to be useful and good;
Whilst to John was given the task to supply
Her with food and drink three times a day.
Every care they'd take of the afflicted mother,
Left sole alone, without husband or brother.



CHAPTER III.

MRS. BIDDY'S SECOND ADVENTURE, WITH A SKUNK. — SHE
LOSES ALL HER EGGS BUT ONE, AND FINALLY RECEIVES
ASSISTANCE TO PROTECT HER FROM HER ENEMIES.

AND now Mrs. Biddy sat, day and night,
Brooding over her eggs, so still and quiet.
She had almost forgot the fright and grief
Which the fox had caused — that remorseless thief —

When she saw, one night, how, through a small hole
Near the door, a black-looking creature stole.
She had barely time to jump up and flee,
When he pounced on her nest. 'Twas a skunk, you see,
Who was going to treat himself to a feast;
And finding the hen gone, thought he would, at least,
Have the eggs. No sooner thought than done;
He quick went to work and carried off one;
To what place you would like to have learned;
It couldn't have been far, for he soon returned,
Another and another to carry away;
And I think I may safely venture to say,
That, no doubt, he would have had them all,
Had Topsy not heard the poor hen's call.
How relieved she felt to see her rushing in,
And to see the skunk run to save his skin!
Poor Mrs. Biddy even now hardly dared
To return to her nest, she was so scared.
You may imagine how sad she felt,
When but one egg in her nest she beheld;

Yet to forsake this lone one, she was too kind and just,
So she went back once more to sit on her empty nest,
And quietly sat there till morning light
Revealed to the household the sorry sight.
O, what a hue and cry was made again,
Once more to have such a loss to sustain!
And all were moved to see Mrs. Biddy
Flap her wings so sadly; 'twas a great pity!
With tearful eyes, she begged them all
To spare no pains in fastening the stall,
And look with care after every hole and crack,
To secure her against any future attack;
For, in the next strife,
She might lose her life.
“Through many long nights, I’ve watched o’er my nest,
And now, believe me, I need a little rest.”
Thus spoke poor Mrs. Biddy,
And moved all hearts with pity.

CHAPTER IV.

CHANTICLEER'S BIRTH.

THEN all went to work, without further delay,
To secure the hen-house in every way
Every hole was fastened up with care;
They wished neither time nor labor to spare,
To give rest and comfort to the poor creature,
And keep all her foes at bay for the future.
Now that the good hen's peace was secured,
She sat undisturbed till her chick matured.
When the egg broke, and it came to light,
How great was then the hen's delight!
To see her little chick so pretty and healthy
Gave her more bliss than to've become very wealthy.
No fault in her darling could she detect;
To the mother's fond eye her child was perfect.

'Twas pleasure to see it so lively and fat,
And yet so weak and delicate.
In place of a mouth, it had a bill,
Which it could open and close at will;
And quite astonishing it was, she thought,
That a good appetite at once it brought.
On its little head — 'twould have pleased you well
To see — there was hanging a bit of egg-shell.
'Twas John again, as before, who told
The new advent to the whole household;
And all of them ran to the hen-house apace,
To view, with their own eyes, the truth of the case.
And, sure enough, there was the little fellow —
His tiny feathers tipped brown and yellow;
They all saw his bill, and his wings by his side,
His two little feet to walk with a stride,
A spur at his feet, besides his four toes,
Bright eyes to see with, but not any nose.
Tenderly loved Biddy the wee little thing,
Covering it gently under her warm wing,



And all of them ran to the hen-house apace,
To view with their own eyes the truth of the case.

So that it seemed as if it laid
Upon a nicely made up bed,
And, like all children, loved to rest
Close to its loving mother's breast.
She'd lost all desire to go out and roam;
Like all tender mothers, she staid at home,
To take the best care of her little pet,
And keep watch that none should hurt him or fret,
Whilst she carefully selected all his food,
And gave him only what was healthy and good.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. BIDDY HAS A GRAND PARTY, TO CELEBRATE THE OCCASION
OF NAMING HER CHILD.

As now the chicken was growing older,
Increasing in size, it also grew bolder;
Yet its mother kept close by its side,
Its inexperienced footsteps to guide.
The cunning little doll was so pretty a sight,
That to see it every one took much delight;
And the neighbors' fowls often flew over the wall,
To make Mother Biddy a friendly call,
Though over a high fence to climb they had.
Pleased with the chicken was even the cat;
The turkeys, too, the geese, and the dog,
The oxen, the horse, the mule, and the hog.
And Biddy, when she saw how every one
Took such interest in her little son,

Thought no time nor labor she would spare,
To bring him up with the greatest care.
“He shall be well educated and learned,
Till the name of being a wise rooster he’s earned:
Yes, he shall even to college go,
To learn there all there is to know.
And now my child must have a name:
The best way for reaching this aim
Will be, to invite *all* my friends, and, at least,
A *few* strangers, too, to give them a feast
In celebration
Of the occasion;
When two of them
Shall choose a name.
I will endeavor, as far as I’m able,
To place before them a well-spread table.”
The news quickly spread, and it was amusing
To see them flock in, leaving no time for choosing.
Many robins and swallows flew down from the trees;
The ducks soon followed suit, as also the geese.

The doves left their pigeon-house, one and all;
The turkeys and fowls, too, answered the call.
Of blackbirds and martins there were some;
The peacock even thought fit to come;
Whilst lo! there comes, with slow and measured step,
The proud gold-pheasant of neighbor Guiseppe.
Mrs. Biddy gave all a pleasant greeting,
And hoped they would all enjoy their meeting.
Then she gave each at her table a seat,
And placed before them; to drink and to eat,
Just as much as they wanted of the nice fare
Which she had prepared with great skill and care.
The yard, house, and cellar had yielded their store,
Till on the table there was room for no more.
All had brought along a good appetite,
And every one of them seemed satisfied.
When right in the height of their enjoyment,
Biddy arose and bowed to all present;
Gracefully lifting up one of her feet,
She thus began her company to greet:



If you are pleased to accept the same,
I pray choose for my dear child a name.

“Ladies and gentlemen, you are all aware
That, when to the family is born an heir,
It has always been an honored custom,
To invite all one’s friends to come,
Without regard to their name or station,
To grace with their presence the joyful occasion
Of choosing for the child a name.
And shouldn’t I do the very same
By my child — my only one, you know?”
And there was not one who would say, “No,” —
For all agreed with her on the point.
“You think as I do,” she then rejoined.
“I, therefore, without further delay,
Will proceed with what I have to say.
For godfather, Mr. Peacock I choose;
And godmother shall be my friend, Mrs. Goose.
If you are pleased to accept the same,
Please ‘to choose for my dear child a name.”
As soon as Mrs. Biddy had retaken her chair,
Mr. Peacock arose with a dignified air;

Spreading out his tail with great parade,
He walked up to Mother Goose, and said,
"Mrs. Biddy has asked us a name to choose
For her dear child; and I'll not refuse,
If you also think best,
To fulfil her request."

She consented, and both walked up to where
The hostess was sitting in her chair;
And bowing with due reverence,
He thanked her for her preference,
And said, "On a name we'll agree, without much ado,—
We'll name him 'Chanticleer,' if it pleases you.
It was his father's name, and, if I remember right,
That of his grandsire, too." Then, "Hurrah," they all
cried.

Then they kissed the child, and retreated
To the place where they had been seated.
And "Chanticleer," he was called by all
Of those who knew him, both great and small.

CHAPTER VI.

CHANTICLEER'S CHILDHOOD. — HIS FIRST DISOBEDIENCE AND
PUNISHMENT.

AND now Mother Biddy in earnest begun
To direct and instruct her dear little son
What to choose for his drink, where to find his food,
And early to distinguish the bad from the good, —
How far he might run, and where to abide, —
Whom to mistrust, and in whom to confide.
She led him through the barn, and the yard all over,
And they went to the meadow, all covered with clover;
But you may depend that she never was found
In the garden, or upon the cultivated ground,
As some mischievous hens would do;
But Mrs. Biddy much better knew:
She carefully taught his youthful mind
To keep from evil of every kind.

But one day, when the hen wasn't near to prevent it,
Young Chanticleer felt himself very much tempted
To steal into the garden of a neighbor,
And eat of the fruit, raised with much labor.
Of currants he ate the ripest and best;
But feeling guilty, he ate in such haste,
That he couldn't enjoy his naughty trick;
A man, too, came after him with a stick,
Who tried pretty hard to fell him down,—
'Twas the deacon, in his long dressing-gown.
And no doubt Chanticleer would have been dead,
Had he been hit on his wayward little head.
When at last he reached home, quite trembling with
fright,
His mother saw quickly that all was not right,
And concluded that, to keep him from doing wrong
again,
And to make him obedient, she must give him some pain.
So she took a rod, and held him by the wing,
And gave her naughty child a severe whipping.

He sobbed and cried loud and long,
Though he felt 'twas just, for he'd done wrong.
Children should always be made to mind,
To keep them from evil of every kind.



CHAPTER VII.

CHANTICLEER LEARNS TO READ.

“COME here, my child,” said Mother Hen, one day,
To Chanticleer, when he came in from play :
“’Tis time now to begin to think
Of something besides play, food, and drink.
A child who smart desires to be,
Must early learn his A B C,
The vowels—a, e, i, o, u—
And all the other letters, too.

Then, when you know them well,
You will learn how to spell.
Therefore I have brought for you this book,
Into which I hope you will often look. .
Now come at once, and repeat after me,
Slowly and attentive, your A B C.
Quickly you'll learn them all by heart;
Soon to spell you'll begin if you are smart;
And I promise that, when to read you begin,
You shall have books with pretty stories within."
Then she pointed to the letters, and pronounced them
with care,
And made her little Chanticleer speak them after
her.

It was rather hard work for him, but still
He went at his letters with determined will;
And, grateful for his mother's pains, he tried
To make her entirely satisfied.
Yet, at first, he thought he hated to study,
And only through love for dear Mother Biddy,

He persevered, without being much admonished,
And, by his progress, all were much astonished;
For soon he knew all his letters so well,
That now he began to learn how to spell.
And if he'd been diligent before,
He now applied himself still more.
Great interest and pleasure now he took
In the study of his reading book.
For now he was able to read pretty tales,
All about elephants, lions, and whales,—
About bees, who make delicious honey,—
About a man who'd do any thing for money,—
About good little Charley, and careless Dick,—
About the sly fox who played the farmer a trick,—
About the tall giraffe, and the striped zebra,
And about the negroes of Africa.
And every story, no sooner read so fast,
He'd pronounce it better than the last;
And I know you'll be glad to have it said,
That Chanticleer reflected upon all he read.

And when any thing didn't seem quite clear,
He'd inquire the meaning of his mother dear;
And thus, by reading and close observation,
He gained more knowledge than others in his station.
He knew a great deal, and could tell you at once
The names of several kinds of plants,
Of trees and flowers, of grains and fruit;
And knew for what purposes they were good.
He read about fishes, and birds in the air,—
About the snail, who drags her house after her,—
About oceans, and ships, and shells on the shore,
And about many different objects more.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT HE LEARNS AND OBSERVES DURING HIS WALKS WITH
HIS MAMMA.

AND what with reading and observing nature,
He grew in knowledge, as well as in stature;
And, as might be expected from a good, loving child,
He was always quick to mind, obliging and mild.
This filled the mother's heart with pleasure,
Who sought to please him by spending her leisure
In taking him frequently out to walk,
To breathe the fresh air, and have a nice talk.
When thus engaged in pleasant conversation,
She took pains to direct his observation
To the many blessings all around,
With which God made this earth abound.
. . The stately oak, with the tiny acorn;
The million of insects which are daily born;

The luscious berries, and juicy fruit;
Many herbs which are for sickness good;
The water in the brook, as clear as glass;
The nourishing grains; the velvety grass;
The bird in the air, who so sweetly sings;—
All this they admired, and many more things.
And often they'd see the cow
Enjoying her feed in the rich meadow;
And felt sorry that she did not spare
The pretty flowers that were there.
Then in summer, during the noonday heat,
They would to the shady woods retreat;
And at other times, she'd take her little one
Into the garden, to see the setting sun,
As it tinged the sky with a crimson light;
And Chanticleer thought 'twas a splendid sight.
When going home, they would stop on their way,
To admire the flower-beds so gay,—
Roses and peonies, with evening dew bright;
Pinks, gillyflowers, and ladies' delight.

Chanticleer enjoyed very much all he saw,
And often would say, "Thank you, dear mamma,
For taking me out to walk with thee,
And showing such lovely sights to me."



CHAPTER IX.

CHANTICLEER'S COMPLAINT TO HIS MOTHER ABOUT THE EVILS
WHICH HE OBSERVES ALL ABOUT HIM.—HIS MOTHER'S
ADVICE.

QUITE different sights met Chanticleer's eye,
When playing in the yard close by.
Here he saw the robin forever stealing cherries;
There, some roosters were picking the ripe berries,
Though often they had been driven away,—
They wanted to have their share, they would say;

The crow would pull up the corn
Which the farmer just now had sown;
Sweet little birds, innocent and gay,
Were killed by the cat, their enemy;
At poor old men often barked the dog;
To wallow in dirt delighted the hog;
When the bull came home, at the close of the day,
Every one would run out of the fellow's way;
To get some chickens, the hawk would strive,
Though they had never harmed him in their life;
To see the turkeys fight, made him also feel quite sad,
When they tried to get away what another one had.
He often complained to his mamma
Of the evils which he daily saw.
"My child," good Mrs. Biddy says,
"Do you not follow their bad ways.
Bad habits and vice you must ever hate;
Only what good you may see you must imitate.
A good child had much rather be clean and neat,
Than to soil his clothes, or muddy his feet;

He never must love to give pain without need
To any of God's creatures whom he chances to meet.
A good child does not tease, nor fight, my son,
Nor ever scratches the face of any one ;
He does not call bad names, nor is on mischief bent,
But is ever obliging and reverent ;
He does not contradict what is said to him,
Nor pout when not gratified in every whim.
Be kind to all, and respect even the poor ;
For these are virtues which will ever endure.
Be slow to judge, but ready to be kind ;
And, especially, always quick to mind."

CHAPTER X.

CHANTICLEER LEARNS TO WRITE, AND ADDRESSES A LETTER TO
HIS MOTHER.

“To-day we must learn some new lesson, my dear,”
Mrs. Biddy said, one morning, to Chanticleer ;
“And that you may learn how to write,—just look!—
I have brought you this pencil and writing-book.
To learn how to write is the next step to take,
If in learning you wish much progress to make.
Straight marks for the beginning will do ;
Next follow letters, and numbers, too.
I know every day you will like it better ;
How pleased you will be, when you can write a letter !
Now take the pencil, and hold it in this way :
Let us make a fair beginning to-day.
Be careful to make these marks as I do ;
And to-morrow you shall make m, n, and u.”

Chanticleer did as he was bid,
And daily at his desk would sit;
And though, at first, his marks were not quite straight,
Soon one could see that good progress he made.
Just six months from the time that he first begun,
On his mother's birthday, this dutiful son
Sat down and wrote, on a beautiful sheet,
A composition, for his mother to read:—

“DEAR MOTHER, whom I love so well,
I am more happy than I can tell,
To be able, on your birthday, to wish you much joy.
Forgive, if I have not always been a good boy;
And I will try to grow better every day,—
To prove my love, this will be the best way.
Please continue to love, my mother dear,
Thy true and affectionate
CHANTICLEER.”

To be sure, this might have been written much better;
But his mother thought it was a beautiful letter.

Her eyes were suffused with tears of joy,
To think that she had such an affectionate boy.
She thought he fully rewarded her
For all her solicitude and care.



CHAPTER XI.

HIS YOUTH. — HE LEARNS HOW TO DRAW. — HIS FRUITLESS
EFFORTS TO LEARN HOW TO SING.

Now that Chanticleer knew how to write and read,
His mother bought all the utensils he'd need
To learn how to draw. First upon the slate;
And as he soon very good pictures made,
She gave him paper, pencil, and even a board,
The use of which he yet ignored.
But little teaching was sufficient
To make him in drawing proficient.

Then a paint-box was given him — a perfect treasure ;
And his paintings gave universal pleasure.
Next, Mrs. Biddy thought what a nice thing
It would be to have him learn how to sing ;
But whom was she for a teacher to get ?
This difficulty had to be settled yet.
So she went out, and invited all
The inmates of the yard to call,
That she might hear each one's voice,
And from among them make a choice.
They all came, their best efforts to lend,
Each hoping to satisfy their friend.
First the turkey began, followed by the peacock ;
After him a rooster, a goose, and a duck ;
Then the pig grunted, the mule did bray ;
After that the oxen had their say.
The kitty mewed and purred her best ;
Then the dog barked with commendable zest ;
And each thought they were doing remarkably well ;
But which was the worst, it would be hard to tell.

Now each had been heard—e'en the dove, who cooed—
But none of them would Mrs. Biddy suit;
And earnestly upon her object bent,
Out into the fields and forests she went.
But at first all her efforts seemed to fail,
Till at last she found a nightingale,
Who accepted her office as teacher with pleasure,
And taught Chanticleer all about sound and measure.
She tried her best, and spared no pain,
To teach him to sing, but all in vain.
The notes were written on paper with skill;
But all he could do was to open his bill,
And squawk out dolefully, "Co, co, co-o,"
Which, 'twas plain, was all that he ever could do.
"I thank you for your trouble," Mrs. Biddy said;
"I fear for your trouble you are hardly paid;
But it's useless for him any more lessons to take,
For I'm sure a singer he never will make."
Perhaps he may, at some future day,
Learn upon some instrument to play."

CHAPTER XII.

CHANTICLEER STUDIES ARITHMETIC.

Not long after this, Mrs. Biddy began
To say to her little rooster man,
“We have reached thus far with your education,
And now we’ll take a look at calculation;
For if in usefulness you desire to abound,
It is needful that you know how to count.
Come, then, and sit down beside me,
And count attentively, one, two, three,
Four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.
Of that number, what have you ever seen?”
“I have seen ten fingers on the hands of men;
And of toes at their feet, there are also ten.”
“That is right. Now, can you tell me
How much are one and two?” “That’s three,”

He replied. "You are right again.
And two from four?" "There two remain."
"You are doing well, my child," she said.
"Now mark that two times four makes eight:
Add two to this, how much is it, then?"
And Chanticleer said, "It must be ten."
"How much are two and ten—can you tell me?"
"I think it must make twelve," said he.
"Right again. And twelve is a number
Which is called a dozen, you must remember,
When we count knives, forks, or tablecloths,
Napkins, handkerchiefs, or hose.
Twelve months there are in every year;
Do not forget this, Chanticleer.
How much is six times two—now can you tell?"
"It is twelve, I think." "You have answered well.
"Add two now to twelve—'tis easy to be seen."
"Yes," he replied, "that makes fourteen."
By this you can see how very quick
He was in learning arithmetic.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHANTICLEER SAVES A LITTLE BIRD FROM DROWNING, AND
COURAGEOUSLY COMES TO A CHICKEN'S RESCUE.

WHILE thus employed in learning daily something new,
To quite a large and intelligent rooster he grew.
The spurs at his feet were beginning to show,
And on his head a respectable comb did grow.
The feathers of his coat, and of his tail, also,
Shone brightly with all the colors of the rainbow.
In seeing him all the neighbors took delight,
Especially when, in the bright sun-light.
To be admired so much, it would not have been
Very astonishing, if he had grown vain;
But he did not—to his honor be it said—
Withal that so much homage to him was paid.
His bearing was modest, though he walked erect,
Uniting humility to a proper self-respect.

And once, when out walking with his dear mamma,
On approaching the brook, young Chanticleer saw
A little bird, which, by some chance, had fallen in,
And no doubt would have drowned, had it not been seen
By our young friend, who instantly flew
To the poor little bird's timely rescue,—
Drew him out of the water, and laid him down;
Then carefully wiped his dripping gown;
Very soon the warm sun had made it quite dry.
Then its mother, who had now approached near by,
Cried out, "Thank you, for being so kind and brave.
Now, in return, *your* life I'll try to save:
Go away, as quick as you can, from here,
For I know that a crafty fox is near."
Thus every kind word or good action spent
Will surely find its reward in the end.
On another occasion, Topsy, the cat,—
Though apparently no evil thought she had,—
By the fence of the garden was stealing by,
Not aware that upon her was fastened his eye.



Gornell
1850

Chanticleer at once flew upon her neck,
And vigorously began her head to peck.

She suddenly gave a spring quite bold,
And upon a chicken fastened hold,
Hoping to regale herself, no doubt;
But she was mistaken, she soon found out;
For Chanticleer at once flew upon her neck,
And vigorously began her head to peck,
And loudly called the neighbors to assist,
In case that Topsy should attempt to resist.
But she was so frightened, that very quick
She dropped the trembling, bleeding chick;
And not daring to give them time to think,
She escaped from the spot "as quick as wink."
Then they all surrounded him, and, in many ways,
Expressed to him their approbation and praise.
But Chanticleer told them, that he thought
He'd only done what any one ought.
Not to do any wrong requires strong will;
But to prevent evil is better still.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHANTICLEER'S YOUTH. — HE GOES TO COLLEGE, AND APPLIES HIMSELF WELL TO HIS STUDIES. — THE DOCTOR ADVISES HIM NOT TO STUDY SO HARD, AND TO BE MODERATE IN ALL THINGS.

THE lovely summer season had passed away,
And the storms of winter were having their sway,
When, during one cool and frosty day,
We heard our young friend Chanticleer say,
“Now, mother, I'm strong, and old enough, too,
To start on a journey, the world to view;
When snow and ice are melting and spring comes forth,
I shall leave for a while your maternal hearth,
As many others have done before me.”
“I shall not consent to this step,” said she.
“My wish, which I trust you will not discard,
Is that, next spring, you go to old Harvard,

And learn there all you possibly can ;
When you come home, you may pursue your plan.”
Accordingly, to old Cambridge he went,
And over his studies all his energies bent.
I should really have liked to have had you come,
And see the big books which he studied from.
He enjoyed it better, to study and think,
Than he did to walk out, or to eat, or drink.
He read and wrote, and wrote and read,
So much, that the doctor to him said,
“My young man, allow me to scold you some ;
You were fat and stout when you left your home ;
And now your countenance looks wan and thin ;
You study too much,—that is plain to be seen.
Now heed my advice, and study less,
And you will be more sure of success.
To be sure, whilst often ten out of eleven
To their books and studies have to be driven,
Yet, to do too much of the very best thing,
Never fails a deal of mischief to bring.

To sit too many hours, or too much thinking;
To eat immoderately, or too much drinking;
To waste one's time by too much sleep,
Or study too much, or too late hours keep;
Too much boasting, as well as too much pride,
Or too much desire one's merits to hide;
Too often to borrow, or too often to lend, —
All these one must beware of, my young friend.
For 'tis best, on every occasion,

To use a proper moderation.

Still you are deserving of much praise, my lad,
That you do not follow the example, so bad,
Of those who love horses, wine, and lager-beer,
Better than the books which to study they came here, —
Squandering their money and time without measure, —
Spending in useless pursuits all their leisure.
To succeed in the world, the very best way
Is to use moderation, faith, and energy."

CHAPTER XV.

CHANTICLEER STARTS ON A JOURNEY.—HE IS TAKEN SICK IN
NEW ORLEANS, AND WRITES A LETTER TO HIS MOTHER.

THE end of the college term had come,
And Chanticleer now was returning home.
Mrs. Biddy was pleased to see him, and then
Was willing to have him his journey begin.
His valise was soon packed. It was a glorious thing,
He thought, when he started, one fine day in spring.
The various scenes he viewed with delight;
The sky so serene, and the sun so bright!
And at times, when a fine stream or mountain he'd
see,
You could have seen him, for joy, jump as high as
a tree.
He enjoyed it so much, to travel and roam,
That he did not once think of returning home.

But, at last, his money was much in decrease,
And in New Orleans he was prostrated by disease.
Just as soon as he grew a little better,
He wrote to his mother a pitiful letter.

“MY VERY DEAR MOTHER,” he wrote,

“What will you say,

When you learn that I’ve been sick three weeks to
a day?

I am quite low with a fever, and my money is all gone,
And poor nursing and care do I get here alone.

Very often I think, as on my straw I lie here,
For my desire to travel I am paying pretty dear;
Yet I must confess, that, though now in a sad plight,
Many lovely scenes I have viewed with delight.

I have climbed up mountains, and sailed on a lake;
And would have crossed the ocean, were it not for
your sake.

Did you know that telegraph wires are now in use,
Which carry, with lightning speed, messages and news?

Instead of travelling by stages and team,
The wagons and freight are now carried by steam.
Ships, also, need no longer the wind to heed,
For they now go by steam, at much greater speed.
Many other improvements have been made also;
For instance, a machine which can plough and hoe;
And I wish you had one which really can sew.
But, alas! these nice things are only sold
To the ones whose pockets are filled with gold;
And, as you know this isn't the case with me,
We must learn without them contented to be.
Every where much glitter and fashion I see;
Yet all this does not hide the great misery
In which many are living and dying every day,
And which to alleviate there ought to be a way.
And now I will bid you an affectionate 'Good by,'
And trust that to send me some money you'll try,
That, as soon as possible, I may get away from here;
Whilst meanwhile I remain, your affectionate

CHANTICLEER."

CHAPTER XVI.

CHANTICLEER RETURNS HOME. — HE RELATES HIS ADVENTURES.

—MR. GANDER IS IMPUDENT, AND IS REPROVED.

A YEAR had now almost passed away,
Since our hero started on his way;
And, though in travelling he much pleasure found,
His steps were most joyous when homeward bound;
And, when the old homestead to his view had come,
He crowed out in gladness, "There's no place like home."
He reached there at last, and all were glad,
To see that he had grown, from a fair young lad,
To a sunburnt young man, tall and erect,
Possessed of much knowledge and self-respect.
His mother was delighted, above the rest,
To press him once more to her motherly breast.
"How glad I am," she said, "to see you again!
Now the rest of my days with me you'll remain.

How brown you are! and how you've grown tall!
Now tell us of your adventures all."
And a good many hours now daily he spends,
As around him are gathered his neighbors and friends,
To tell of many lovely places seen,
Where, during his travels, he had been.
To the White Mountains he had been tempted to go,
Where, in midsummer, the hill-tops are clad with snow,
While the valleys with verdure were all a-glow.
In New York he had found the most fashion and show.
The views on the Hudson were very fine, —
This river is oft called the American Rhine.
He saw West Point, where boys learn to fight,
To defend their country and their right.
The Western States he visited, too,
Where wheat and corn in plenty grew.
"I had a chance to see the prairies
In the States of Wisconsin and Illinois;
The valley of the Mississippi, too,
Is a fine country to travel through.

The climate suited me so well,
I would have staid there a longer spell,
Had it not been, for the want of means,
That I had to quit those lovely scenes
In too much haste
To suit my taste.

But you must know that I soon found out,
That, to enjoy travelling about, —
To go sight-seeing, and pay hotel fare, —
Requires a full purse every where.
The next best thing is, to be polite,
And ever do what you know to be right:
Good manners, abroad or at home,
Gain friends wherever you roam."

Thus many an hour was passed away
In pleasant converse every day;
And all the neighbors round about
Accepted his word, without a doubt.
But once, when mentioning a steamboat explosion,
Mr. Gander conceived the silly notion

To contradict him to his face, and say,
“I believe to use big words is the way
With the fast young men of our day.”
But Chanticleer said, “My good sir, nay:
Allow me to tell you, with due respect,
That any thing different we cannot expect
From one who always remains at home,—
Who beyond his yard never wishes to roam.
One who hates his school, and a book reads never,
Remains a gander forever and ever.”
Then they all laughed, and called him smart,
Though Gander thought ’twas rather tart.

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. BIDDY'S DEATH. — CHANTICLEER'S MARRIAGE. — HE IS A
DUTIFUL HUSBAND AND FATHER.

SOME time after this, Mrs. Biddy grew ill,
And died very soon after making her will.
Her loss was felt by many a friend,
To whom she had never refused to lend.
To every one she had been friendly and kind,
And many a good deed she left behind.
Though now quite a man was Chanticleer,
The geese would call him "little," even this year;
But this did not fit him any more at all;
But rather, "Mr. Cockerel," — now lord of the stall.
He felt rather lonesome, now his mother was gone;
So he thought he no longer would remain alone;
And improving the very first chance,
He called upon his owner at once.

“Dear sir,” he said, “to you I have come,
To ask for a wife to grace my home.
To greater bliss I do not aspire ;
Be pleased to gratify my humble desire.”
The man replied, “’Tis a pleasure to me,
Instead of one, to give you three.”
Chanticleer thanked him with due respect,
And felt as pleased as one might expect.
His home now was as cheerful as when
His mother kept house — that excellent hen !
His happiness now seemed without alloy.
His good hens’ society gave him much joy.
He was always attentive and kind to them ;
But whenever some strange dandy in his yard came,
His family to tease,
And disturb the peace,
He never failed in sending him home
With repenting heart and bleeding comb.
As a good husband, he ever took pride
To keep the wants of his household supplied ;

Whilst his faithful wives, with equal zest,
Kept laying their eggs in their cozy nest.
And soon he had the pleasure to be
Father to quite a large family ;
And often in their midst was he seen,
With watchful looks, and tender mien.
Early he began to instruct them all,
And taught them to mind the very first call ;
And never neglected his acknowledged right
To awaken them all at the first dawn of light.
When the weather was going to change he knew,
And always acknowledged it with "Cock-a-doodle-doo."
Good order reigned in his household,
Nor did he ever coax or scold ;
Was danger near, he would sound the alarm,
And thus keep them all from attack or harm.
All helped earn their food, and forbidden was theft ;
But the best morsels were always for little ones left.
Thus he well earned the desirable name
Of a wise rooster, wherever he came.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TWO ADVENTURES WITH MR. FOX, WHOSE SCHEMES ARE
DEFEATED.

MR. Fox soon heard a report of all this,
And thought by himself, 'twould not be amiss
To make upon them a friendly call,
And gain an entrance to this rooster's stall.
Then wouldn't he have a nice time of it!
And forthwith he set to work his wit;
And as soon as he his plans had laid,
He knocked one night at the door, and said,
"Kind Mr. Rooster, open, I pray,
Your door to me, for I've lost my way.
I am a poor orphan child,
And people call me good and mild;
I have no friend in the wide, wide world;
And O, I am so hungry and cold!"

But it was not easy our rooster to cheat:
He felt at once that it was all deceit;
So he called out to the wily loafer,
"Just go and knock at the door of Rover;
He'll open the door at once to you,"
Then loudly he crowed his "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"
This quickly brought Rover, who came to see
What, at this time of night, the matter could be;
But when he got there, he saw with grief
That he had come too late to catch the thief.
He made chase after Reynard, but without avail;
Yet succeeded to bite off a piece of his tail,
Whilst foxy was squeezing through a hole in the wall,
With empty stomach, and narrow escape withal.
A good warning to him this lesson might seem;
Still he would not renounce his cherished scheme;
But, taking fresh courage, he went once more
To knock, one dark night, again at the door.
"Open to me quickly!" cried out the liar;
"The village and your homestead are on fire!"

“I’m much obliged to you, my dear,”
Replied our cautious Chanticleer;
“Your kind help I’ll not refuse,
Nor your readiness abuse;
But I’ll open to you at once,”
He said to the conceited dunce.
However, he thought best
Not to grant the request;
But opened a certain door
Which Mr. Fox had not looked for.
Quickly he put his paw in, when, lo! the clap
Of the door made him feel that it was a trap.
Now, piteously, for mercy he cried,
And to move Chanticleer’s heart he tried.
But when he saw all hope was past,
By a powerful effort, he got free, at last;
But not without pulling with all his might,
And tearing off one paw, which served him right.

CHAPTER XIX.

A NAUGHTY CHILD. — SAD CONSEQUENCES OF HIS WILFULNESS.

THUS cautious and wise was Chanticleer —
A bright example to far and near;
And his little children behaved so well,
There could scarce be found a parallel;
Only one there was among them all,
Though yet quite young, and very small,
Who always wanted his own way,
And would have the last word to say.
His little tongue he could not bridle;
When all were busy, he would be idle;
Of every thing nice he'd have the best share;
His naughtiness caused his mother much care;
His father saw this with displeasure;
And, though he ascribed it in a measure
To his having been petted when he was ill,
He began to correct this stubborn will.

He spoke to him again and again;
But all his efforts were in vain.
Then his father said, "I'm sorry for you;
For selfishness will be punished, I know."
And, to be sure, not many weeks after this,
He ate too many currants and gooseberries.
In consequence of this naughty trick,
He was taken very sick.
The doctor to restore him tried;
But without success he grew worse and died.
This made them all feel very bad;
Indeed, his father felt so sad,
That really quite thin he grew,
And, at last, he was taken sick, too.
This gave the family very much pain;
And they hoped he soon would be well again.
He carefully followed the doctor's advice,—
Took his medicines, though they did not taste very nice.
The news of his illness was soon spread
All over the village, and many said,

That he would follow his son to the grave;
But Providence thought best his life to save.
The doctor held with others council,
And, shortly after, our hero got well;
And all were pleased once more to behold
Him resuming his duties, as of old.
Thus, a naughty child, on mischief bent,
Brings trouble and pain to his parent.
To the world he now was longer spared;
And, as before, he always cared
That peace and order at home should reign;
Much love and respect he thus did gain.
His children now were growing tall,
Yet still obeyed his wish or call.
Jersey Blue, Blossom, Shanghai, and Dames,—
These were the four eldest daughters' names;
While the names of the four oldest boys were
Lord Bolton, Dick, Cocklam, and Chanticleer.

CHAPTER XX.

CHANTICLEER AND HIS FAMILY FLEE FROM THE VILLAGE AT
THE APPROACH OF SOLDIERS, WHO THREATEN TO TAKE
THEIR LIVES.—THEY DIRECT THEIR STEPS TO CAMBRIDGE.

ONE day, the neighbors all around
Were startled by an unusual sound
Like of approaching troops,—the hum
Of tramping men, with fife and drum:
Yes, surely they were soldiers,
With muskets on their shoulders.
Every one in the village was then scared;
They did not know that war was declared.
They were going to take the place, I suppose;
And woe to the one who'd try to oppose.
All ready they were for fighting and killing,
But thought with poultry to make a beginning;

For, besides their swords and desire to fight,
They'd brought with them a good appetite ;
And one Zouave, whom they all feared,
Because he had such a long beard,
With sword in hand, looked all around,
To see where Chanticleer was to be found.
But, like a wise father, at the first alarm,
He'd taken his brood out of the way of harm,
To a close thicket in the neighborhood,
Where, however, was but little food.
"It is of no use the danger to hide
Which now surrounds us on every side,"
Said Chanticleer, with a serious brow ;
"And I think the best way to do now
Is for the older children to travel abroad,—
The first few days keep on the back road.
The little ones must remain in my care ;
And my fortunes they shall freely share.
In Cambridge I've a valued friend ;
To seek him out I now intend.



With sword in band he looked all 'round
To see where Chanticleer was to be found.



He was a noble, generous youth,—
Scorning meanness, loving truth ;
He will a cordial hand extend,
And kindly welcome an old friend.
So, when the day expires in night,
We'll quietly begin our flight.”



CHAPTER XXI.

ADVENTURES OF THEIR JOURNEY.—THEY ARE FRIGHTENED
WITHOUT CAUSE.—THEY REACH CAMBRIDGE.—A KIND
WELCOME.

SLOWLY and sadly passed the day,
Till evening came, with shadows gray ;
Then, at the rising of the moon,
The older children, one by one,
Came of their father leave to take,
Weeping as if their hearts would break ;

But he bade them dry their tears,
And let their courage quell their fears.
He hoped that many things they'd learn,
To talk of when they should return.
Then kissing them a fond good night,
He told them to prepare for flight.
They bade adieu, and Chanticleer
Awoke the little ones so dear,
And, with a heavy heart within,
The cheerless journey they begin.
Their timid feelings, mixed with fear,
Kept them close to Chanticleer.
Anon they heard a rustling sound;
'Twas but the huntsman and his hound
Beating the bush, to find some game.
Then a carriage rumbling came,
Striking on the startled ear,
Awakening every sense of fear.
The whistling cars they also heard,
Which every pulse of wonder stirred.

Once, in their way there seemed to stand
A giant, with an outstretched hand;
When they approached, 'twas found to be
A dry and withered willow tree.
Soon all were glad to greet the day;
Then idle fears they laughed away.
When the sun did bright ascend,
It put to every fear an end.
His rays dispersed all thoughts of sadness,
And filled each little heart with gladness.
The lark ascended high in air,
And warbled there his morning prayer;
And farmers hurried to the fields,
To plant the fruit that nature yields.
Whoever hath risen at early morn,
Late in his bed to lie will scorn,—
So sweet the breath of perfumes rare,
That float about in the morning air.
The family still kept marching on;
Each hour a greater distance won.

Their food they gathered on the way,
And did not rest their feet, nor play.
But, ere the second day had past,
One little chick grew lame so fast,
That Chanticleer, with clever tact,
Lifted the wee one on his back,
And then proceeded on the way,
Till near the closing of the day,
When, in the distance, they descried
A smoke, a church-spire, and, beside,
They saw, upon the distant hill,
The ancient college standing still.
Said Chanticleer, with gay delight,
"There's Cambridge, where we rest to-night."
A friendly person in the street
Guided their worn and weary feet
To where he said his friend did dwell.
Then Chanticleer pulled at the bell;
The door for them was opened wide,
And gladly each one stepped inside.

The friend delighted seemed to be
Good Chanticleer's bright face to see ;
He bade them welcome to his home,
And all were glad that they had come.
"You see we live quite plainly here,"
Said William then to Chanticleer ;
"Though poor the fare by which we live,
We ne'er forget our thanks to give
To the Father above,
Who listens in love,
And bids us be kind
To the poor we find.
At morning's dawn, we all arise, —
We've learned the morning hours to prize,
Coffee and tea we do not make ;
To quench our thirst, pure water take ;
And, in some quite secluded nook,
We often bathe in the sunny brook.
We come out fresh for cheerful labors,
In which we're joined by our neighbors.

When we have finished the work of day,
And at night our weary limbs we lay
On our rude and simple cot,
Down and feathers are all forgot.
Who labors well can sleep with ease,
Without the slightest aid from these;
And can be sure of quiet rest,
If only with clear conscience blest.”
Gladly they accepted his invitation,
Hoping to return it on some occasion.

CHAPTER XXII.

A DANCING BEAR. — THEY SUDDENLY DEPART FOR HOME.

ONE day, when they were in the street,
Where they had gone a friend to meet,
They heard a noise of fife and drum,
And wondered what to town had come;
And every body ran to see
The wondrous things that there might be —
A shaggy bear, from far away;
With him they saw a camel gray,
Larger than horses on the road;
And on his back a monkey strode,
A comic cap above his nose,
With gaudy coat and scarlet hose.
He jumped and grinned, turned somerset,
Looking around for what he could get.

An organ-grinder took the stand,
And the monkey started, cap in hand,
To ask for gifts, with a knowing wink,
As much as to say, "*You'll* give, I think ;"
And often to his happy lot
There fell an apple or a nut.
Then the man gave a stick to the bear,
Which he took with a very knowing air,
And began to perform with right good will,
With a martial air, the soldier's drill ;
And all cried out, "O dear, how tame !"
But just then another noise came,
To bring to a sad and sudden end
Their pleasure, which seemed so innocent.
It was the enemy, as before,
Who'd come to frighten them once more,
With cannons and horses, a dreadful band,
Who, they feared, would desolate the land ;
For every where the fear of war
Frightens people, wherever they are ;



They all cried out, "O dear!... How tame!"

And, at all times, those have had a bad name,
Who made fighting their object and aim.
Yet sometimes, for a noble cause,
Arms must be taken, even by those
Who are friends of quiet and of peace,
But liberty love more than ease.
This, of course, Chanticleer didn't understand;
So he took his little ones by the hand,
And hid with them far out of the way.
"You see, dear children," we then heard him say,
"That even wild beasts can be tamed by men;
For all creation is mastered by them;
Yet when revengeful passions in men's bosoms dwell,
They convert this fair earth into a hell;
Worse than the wild bear in the wood,
Man kills his brother, in angry mood.
Let's turn our steps towards our old home,
Since the soldiers now this way have come."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THEIR JOYFUL RETURN. — CHANTICLEER'S CHILDREN MARRY. —
HIS ADVICE TO THEM TO BE INDUSTRIOUS AND TO BE
UNITED.

WHEN the journey was made, they all felt glad
To find that the others returned had
To the old homestead, where all was quiet,
Which filled them all with great delight.
It was indeed a pleasing sight
To see them all once more unite,
Each their adventures to recount.
Then all went off to sleep quite sound;
And, bright in the morning, they began once more
To go on the same as they'd done before.
The oldest daughters got married now;
The sons, too, took the marriage vow;

And, in their turn, had children soon,
Who quickly learned to walk alone.
Still Chanticleer felt right smart and hale,
Though "Grandpa," now, throughout the vale;
And often he would enjoy to be
Surrounded by his great family,
Telling them stories of days past and gone,
And of his travels which he'd made all alone;
And many lessons, useful and kind,
He imparted to their youthful mind.
"Every one should try," he once said to all,
"To fill a place on earth, e'en though it be small;
No drones should allowed to be
Members of your great family.
Money will not always insure
What one most needs, and what will endure,
As kindness, esteem, or intelligence,
Which are worth more than shillings or pence.
Each individual has, from Heaven,
For his use, different talents given.

To work with his *head* one best understands;
Another finds it easier to work with his *hands*.
The carpenter builds a house with the plan
Which the skilful architect has drawn;
Then the plasterer and painter must do their share;
The upholsterer will next be needed there,
To make and furnish table and couch,
And put upon all the finishing touch;
Then many others must also come,
To add comfort to a pleasant home.
Thus is it with ships, and every thing else;
Many hands are needed more than wealth.
If ever you'd succeed in an enterprise,
You must unite with the skilful and the wise;
And each must do what he best knows how,
Whether it be to teach a school, or milk a cow.
Study economy; save time and strength;
Measure beforehand the cable's length;
If you undertake to lay it,
'Tis always safest first to weigh it.

Rise early, and waste no time in slumber;
And 'Union is strength' ever remember.
Another fine virtue is honesty,
With determination and industry.
Then persevere, and, with patient toil,
You'll raise a crop from the poorest soil.
Be not content to work for *your* gain alone,
But make *others'* interests your own;
And always think for others to do
As you wish that they would do for you."
And every one loved to hear
And listen to old Chanticleer.
And, though his eyes to fail began,
His hearing, too, was on the wane,
Yet his advice was as good as ever,
And was sought by all the good and clever.
The children would often leave their playmates,
To bring to Grandpa their books or slates,
To read to him, or hear him verses recite,
Or beg for a story in the pleasant twilight.

Yet 'twas quite plain to be seen, that he
Was getting old and infirm to be.
His step was feeble, and tremulous his song;
And all felt that he would leave them ere long.
They praised him the more, and couldn't do enough,
To make him forget his troublesome cough.
He often was touched by their tender care,
And then would say, "A little longer forbear
With your old sire, while I dwell with you;
I know that rich blessings are your due.
May you find your reward, is my greatest wish,
For your love, so devoted and unselfish!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GOOD DEEDS OF HIS GRANDCHILDREN. — WHICH ONE DESERVED TO RECEIVE THE PRECIOUS DIAMOND ?

ONE night — 'twas in the pleasant autumn —
He bade all his grandchildren to come,
And said to them, in a pleasant mood,
As they all around him quietly stood,
"I own a precious diamond clear,
I kept for the one who'd be most dear;
But to me you are all alike dear;
Therefore, the one, who, from among you here,
To-day the best of deeds has done,
Shall have my diamond for his own."
Then arose one pretty little one:
"All day I tried to be good," he begun;
"I have prayed, and studied, and wrote, and read,
And minded every word that mamma has said;

But this I know is nothing to boast of;
To do one's duty is hardly enough."
A second one then jumped on his feet,
And said, "To-day I ate too much fat meat;
It made me more sick than ever I had been;
So I asked mother for some medicine,
Though I hate it, for 'tis bitter as gall;
But I knew 'twould relieve me,—and that was all."
A third then got up, and said, "My mother
Bade me take care of my little brother,
And, during her absence, with him to stay.
Soon after, my schoolmates wanted me to play
With them in the street, and let baby weep,
Till he should have cried himself to sleep;
But I wouldn't follow their naughty whim,
But rather remained alone with him."
"Another was scolded," said the fourth one,
"This morning, for what I myself had done.
Though there were none the contrary to prove,
I thought 'twould be shameful to stand aloof;

The innocent I would not let suffer for me ;
I owned myself guilty, that he might be free,
Though I knew I shouldn't have been detected,—
Yet 'twas no more than could be expected.”
A nice little chick then got up, and said,
“I saw a little child, who, I was afraid,
Would take cold this cool morning, for it sat
Where the wind blew hard, and 'twas thinly clad.
I took off my coat, and put it on her ;
The boys all laughed at me, but I didn't care.”
“This morning early,” a sixth one told,
“I found a beautiful piece of gold.
I searched for the owner who had lost it,
And gave it to him,—'tis no great merit.”
The seventh one spoke with modesty :
“I was punished to-day severely,
Because for my sister I wished to bear
The punishment which was due to her ;
For it was she who spilled the milk on the floor,
When she stumbled over the sill of the door.

But I'm sure I don't deserve any praise,
For she's often kind to me in many ways."
An older one said, "My supper last night
I gave to a poor little girl, who cried
With hunger and with cold and fear.
I ran to my home, which was quite near,
And got my supper, and returned to where
She was standing ; then gave it to her.
I was glad to see it taste so good. '
Just think ! that day she'd tasted no food.
It was no great privation to me ;
I hardly know what it is hungry to be."
"You are all good children," said Chanticleer ;
"Kind, yet modest, you don't wish to appear
Any better than what you really are.
Vanity is ever with virtue at war.
Then never boast of having done your duty ;
For modesty to a kind heart lends beauty.
But now you must each your voice give,
Who deserves my diamond to receive."

But just then a neighbor's chicken came,
And said, "You know who I am; I'm the same
Who thinks it is the nicest fun
To tease and fight, whenever I can.
I especially like to plague — 'tis a naughty whim —
Your good little Dick, whenever I meet him.
Last night I saw him, and flew on his head,
And knocked him down, when he gently said,
'It would be an easy thing for me
To do the same thing unto thee;
But this would not please the Father above,
Who bids us for evil return deeds of love.'
To-day, as I lay fast asleep by a tree,
A hornet alighted, and would have stung me,
But your Dick observed the danger, and flew
To the place where I was, to my rescue."
Grandpa's heart was filled beyond measure.
"This gives me the greatest pleasure,
My dear Dick," he said; "there are but few
Who such generous and noble deeds would do.

You tried to keep hidden from us your merit,
And from your enemy we had to learn it.
To return good for evil — forgive our foe —
Is the noblest action that one can do.
I, therefore, without hesitation,
Proclaim to all my declaration, —
The diamond is yours ; and, though dazzling and clear,
It shines not so bright as your action, my dear ;
And I hope it ever will recall to you,
That there is nothing that we in secret do,
But what, some time or other, it will be known ;
For every one reaps what he has sown.
You all well began, and I hope will continue
To follow the path which is trodden by few ;
For, though hard the conquest of passions and ease,
Its certain reward is happiness and peace.”

CHAPTER XXV.

CHANTICLEER'S DEATH AND FUNERAL. — THE END.

THUS age had crowned him wise and good,
And round him gathered a very large brood
Of grandchildren, in feathers bright,
Peeping and chirping with delight.
He taught them all to seek the truth,
And gather knowledge in their youth;
To be industrious, gentle, kind,
And all their parents' counsel mind,
That they in future years might be
Good members of society.
So great his wisdom, each one prayed
That death from him might long be staid.
But, on one sultry summer day,
When lowering clouds hung dark and gray,

And lightning flashed with frightful glare,
And thunder peals smote on the air,
Threatening the while, in angry strain,
To deluge all the earth with rain,
Some little chicks from home did stray,
But where they'd gone no one could say.
So grandpapa, with anxious care,
Began to search round every where,
Until he'd found them, one and all,
And brought them to their mothers' stall.
But, by running fast and getting wet,
A bad fever in his blood was set,
Which made him very weak and ill;
And, notwithstanding doctors' skill,
And all the care that love can give,
'Twas found, too soon, he could not live;
And when ten painful days were past,
He calmly, gently, breathed his last.
The sad news spread both far and near,
And all the friends of Chanticleer



They do for him the last sad rite
Due those that pass from mortal sight.



Came now to look a last adieu
On one whose virtues all of them knew.
From morn till night, in crowds they stood,
Lamenting loud that one so good,
•So wise and just, so great and brave,
Must now be buried in the grave.
The funeral came: from far and near
Crowds came to honor Chanticleer,
And do for him the last sad rite
Due those that pass from mortal sight.
And 'twas a novel scene to view:
Each mourning hen and rooster too
Were clothed in black from top to toe;
This you'd have liked to see, I know.
The slowly-moving, lengthened train
Sang funeral hymns in solemn strain,
And tears bedimmed each mourner's eye,
Till not a single one was dry.
How deep must be that sense of woe,
When roosters' tears can freely flow,

And grave old hens, with moistened eye,
Can, just like children, sob and cry!
And in the train, besides relations,
Were birds of different ranks and stations,
Who came to pay the honor due
To Chanticleer, the wise and true.
Peacocks their gorgeous plumes displayed;
And geese in sober gray arrayed,
And troops of swans in spotless white,
And files of ravens black as night,
All came to show how large a part
He'd filled in every mourner's heart.
At length they reached the quiet spot
Where was the family burying lot,
When all commenced to sob anew,
And make a very great ado;
It almost seemed as if they'd try
To see which could the loudest cry.
The sexton, draped in a long, black gown,
Then slowly let the coffin down;

Then flapped his wings with solemn air,
And thus addressed the mourners there :
“My friends,” he said, “’tis sad, I know,
To lose a friend! You’ve found it so.
With grateful hearts, then, let us cherish
His noble deeds; they cannot perish.
To honor him, his counsels heed;
Your *services* he does not need.
But he can still serve you. How? I’ll tell:
By the noble life which he lived so well.”
And slowly now they all walked home
To the different places whence they’d come.
And when the family were alone,
The oldest son bade them be done
With crying, which availed them nought.
“I feel as deeply as I ought
The heavy loss we’ve all sustained;
But fruitless grief *must* be restrained.
In our father’s death, which all deplore,
A friend has left this changing shore,

For wisdom renowned, for virtues esteemed,
For goodness of heart unequalled, it seemed,—
Who has left us his life as a legacy rare.
Let us all strive to follow his example so fair,
So that death, when he comes, as he comes to all,
Shall find each prepared to answer the call.

Here ends my history, children dear,
Of that wonderful rooster, Chanticleer.
Whether you'll see his like, I doubt;
But should it ever come about,
That you of a wonderful rooster hear,
He must be a descendant of CHANTICLEER.

